

The Shelby News.

AMERICANS SHALL RULE AMERICA.

The Shelby News is the largest and cheapest village newspaper published in Kentucky.

Terms—\$2 in advance; \$2 50, payable within six months after publication, at which time all subscriptions will be due, and chargeable with interest.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 20, 1855.

STATE BANK OF INDIANA.—The Commissioners appointed by the last Indiana Legislature to organize a new State bank, were in session in Indianapolis last week. They located branches at the following, among other places: Indianapolis, New Albany, Fort Wayne, Madison, Connersville, Bedford, Lima, Lafayette, and LaPorte.

The amount to be subscribed at each Branch, for the purpose of its organization, is \$100,000. After a sufficient number of branches are organized, each appoints a member of the board of directors to manage the affairs of the whole. Each branch is mutually responsible for the liabilities of all others, and the stockholders are also individually responsible for the liabilities of all the branches. After the central board of directors is organized, that board will authorize an increase of the capital of each branch to such an amount as may be deemed appropriate, within the limit prescribed by the charter, which authorizes an aggregate capital not exceeding \$6,000,000 for all the branches.

CROPS IN KENTUCKY.—Of the ravages of insects, the Princeton Kentuckian says: In this year's crop, or in a natural general for insects of all kinds? The fly is cradling our wheat-fields, the cut-worms are sweeping gardens and corn-fields, and the locusts are going to destroy the remnant, we suppose. On Perryman's knob, just northeast of town, they are as numerous as a Russian army. A great many of the shrubs and bushes, in many cases good-sized trees, are stripped as bare of verdure as if a winter storm had swept through them. The ground is strewn which with the locust shells, and if you toss a rock in any of these a crowd of locusts will rise up with a roar that would do credit to Pharaoh's seraphim. On returning from the knob, we encountered an army of cut-worms that covered the road as thick as paving-stones.

The Carrollton Times says: The crop throughout Carroll and Trimble counties, from all that we can learn, look very promising. The wheat, oats and grass never looked better, and the corn promises an abundant yield. The farmers are really anticipating that "good times are coming," and that long looked-for period, it is hoped, will be realized by as grateful a body of husbandmen, in this section, as ever tilled the earth.

The Princeton (Caldwell county) Kentuckian of Saturday says: We are sorry to state that a large portion of the wheat-fields in this and the adjoining counties are suffering severely from the ravage of the fly. The early crops sustain the greatest injury, while fields that were sown late are comparatively unharmed. A great deal of the earth is quite inferior. The corn needs a good heavy rain, very much at this time.

In Christian county much damage has been done, and in some instances, fields are almost destroyed by the fly; but we do not learn that, even in that county, the evil is quite as wide-spread as rumor has it. In Todd and Logan the presence of the fly has been noticed, but its depredations are by no means severe.

The Bardstown American says: The locusts are coming; millions of them are making their appearance in the woods and fields. For the present their advent is a sure sign of bad crops. They are now busily engaged in devouring the

GREAT DROUGHT IN TEXAS.—The La Grange paper says the memory of man has no recollection of such a drought. It had not rained in that vicinity since January.

The State Gazette says that the drought experienced about Austin, is universal throughout the State. Judge Jesse Grimes says it exceeds any drought that he has known in the twenty eight years he has resided in Texas.

The Dallas Herald says there has been but one rain since the first week in January, in that section, and in many places none at all.

The above, says the Houston Telegraph, is a fair sample of the accounts from all parts of the State. The prospects of good crops were never more gloomy.

PHILADELPHIA.—The report is very generally current throughout the country that the Rev. Mr. Cooper, the Methodist preacher who dug the celebrated "Cooper's hole," had a dream somewhat like the one enjoyed a few years ago by a certain king of Egypt named Pharaoh. Probably every one has heard of parson Cooper's dream or dream which he had to guide him in his search after water, while he was digging "the well." It seems that his dream proved true—he procured water, and the water procured health for his afflicted wife, and has imparted it to thousands since.

We have heard it repeatedly asserted that this parson Cooper dreamed recently that this portion of the world is to be cursed with a seven years dearth or famine caused by absence of rain. Really it seems as though we have entered upon the dearth, although we hope the promise made by the Creator to Noah when he came out of the ark will be kept:—While the earth remaineth, seed time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease.—Gen. 8:22 v.

THE THREATENED FAMINE.—Owing to the scarcity of corn, grain famine seems to be stalking abroad in portions of the country, producing sad pictures of distress.

We notice, in a late Aberdeen paper, a call for a meeting of the citizens of Monroe county, in this State, to take measures for the relief of helpless persons in the county who are destitute of bread and without the means of purchasing it.

A correspondent of the Dalton Times draws a distressing picture of the starving condition of the poor in Northern Georgia. More than one half of the people are without corn and money. The cry is, "Corn, corn, corn! do you know of any corn for sale?" The answer is, "I have traveled twenty miles around, every way, and can hear of no bushel to be had, for love, charity or money." The poor man offers to work a day for a peck of corn, to feed his wife and children on. He is turned off with the answer, "My own family will have to suffer if I sell my corn." Horses and mules are turned out to perish, or live in the woods as best they can, and husbandmen that have farms and no corn will not be able to cultivate more land than they can tend with the hoe. The writer concludes by arguing the propriety of appealing to the Governors of Tennessee and Georgia for aid.—Jackson (Miss) Flag.

KNOW NOTHINGS IN COURT.—At the opening of the trial of a foreigner for murder, in the Circuit Court of Prince George's county, Va., on the 12th inst., a juror was on his voir dire to ascertain whether he was competent, the council for the prisoner asked the juror if he was a Know Nothing. The question was objected to by the Commonwealth, and an argument ensued, when the Judge overruled the question, but allowed the counsel for the prisoner to inquire of the juror "whether he belonged to any society or association of individuals which might bias his judgement in the trial of a foreigner." The prisoner's counsel declined to put this question. During the discussion, several of the jurors who had been accepted, admitted that they were members of the American party, and thereupon Mr. Collier stated that he had no objection to the most searching scrutiny which could be instituted and conducted, with the consent of the Court, for the purpose of ascertaining from those jurors who admitted they were of the American party, what secret objects they had, if any hostile to the foreigners. But the counsel for the prisoner did not institute this inquiry.

WHAT IT COSTS TO BOMBARD A CITY.—In this caption; the New York Courier and Enquirer gives some interesting statistics with regard to the cost of the iron balls which have been thrown into Sebastopol by the five hundred cannons which have vomited them. The accounts by the Associated Press represent that each of these guns fired one hundred and twenty rounds a day, which gives a total for the five hundred of sixty-six thousand rounds. This fire had been continued for thirteen days, making an aggregate of seven hundred and eighty thousand missiles raised upon the city.

The weight of the shot fired from the guns of the Allies probably varies from nineteen to one hundred and forty pounds, and forty pounds would probably be a low estimate for an average. This would give a daily delivery of iron to the Russians, amounting to two million seven hundred thousand pounds, and a total for the thirteen days of thirty-five million one hundred thousand pounds—the prime cost of which, in the rough, at the average price of pig iron in England for the last year, was not less than three hundred and thirteen thousand three hundred and eighty dollars.

This is of course, without any regard to the enormous cost of transportation to the Crimean.

The cannon balls fired from the Allied lines, during the thirteen days, were rolled into rail bars, weighing sixty pounds to the yard, the bars would extend three hundred and thirty-two miles; or if laid as a railroad, would suffice for a single track road from New York to Albany, with all the necessary turn-outs.

The charge of powder for each gun would probably average about six pounds, which would show an expenditure for thirteen days of four hundred and eighty thousand pounds of powder. Such powder is worth here eighteen cents a pound, but in England would not probably, cost more than fifteen cents, at which price the powder is quite inferior. The corn needs a good heavy rain, very much at this time.

The following letter from Mrs. E. OAKES SMITH, the very popular writer, shows that true womanly dignity has not departed from the female writers of the North. It appears that BARNUM, with his accustomed impudence and slyness placed her name on the published list of judges without having heard from her. This compelled her to make public her respectful declination, which she does with great spirit. If BARNUM had any of the instincts of a gentleman, this letter would cause him to blush for the course he has pursued. The following is Mrs. Smith's letter:

SIR: Some few weeks since, returning from a professional engagement in Massachusetts, which had detained me a month, I found a letter from P. T. Barnum, Esq., requesting me to act as one of the Committee of Women, whose duty it should be to decide upon and award the premiums at what is called the Baby-show, to be held in New York, in the proper time and manner, would be received with favor.

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The harmonious woman who has been delegated the fostering culture of a delicate miniature of the Creator, will hold herself in secret, and deliberate in secret. Meanwhile the war will go on, as the Allies will consent to no armistice or suspension. It was intended, I may insist upon as one of the conditions of this arrangement—in order to overreach the Commissioners will meet it is expected, somewhere on the continent, and deliberate in secret. Meanwhile the war will go on, as the Allies will consent to no armistice or suspension. It was intended, I may insist upon as one of the conditions of this arrangement—in order to overreach the Commissioners will meet it is expected, somewhere on the continent, and deliberate in secret. Meanwhile the war will go on, as the Allies will consent to no armistice or suspension. 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The Garland.

THE CHARMS OF HER I LOVE.

Sweet are the charms of her I love.
More fragrant than the damask rose,
So as the down of the turtle dove,
Gentle as the sun upon her brows,
Refreshing as descending rain,
To sun-burnt climes and thirsty plains.

True as the needle to the pole,
Or as the dial to the sun;
Constant as gliding waters roll,
Whose swelling tides obey the moon;
From the sun to the moon My love
My life and love shall follow thee.

The lamb the flowery thyme devours,
The dam the tender kid pursues;

Sweet Philomel, in shady bower,
Of verdant spring, her notes resound;

All follow what their soul desire;

None must change her beauteous face,

And none the roses' rise;

As winter to the spring gives place.

Summer th' approach of autumn finds;

No change or love the seasons bring;

Love only knows perpetual spring.

Devering Time, with his sharp scythe,

And his scythe, and cold as bone,

And mattock toils, and graves of brass,

In his rule march he levels low;

But Time, destroying far and wide,

Love from the soul can never divide.

Death only, with his cruel dart,

The gentle gazer can remove;

And drive him from the weeping heart.

To mingle with the blest abode,

Where, known to all his kindred train,

He finds a lasting rest from pain.

Love, and his sister, the Soul.

Twinn-born, from heaven together came;

Love, the seasons lose their love;

Divine shades shall own her power;

When time and death shall be no more.

Miscellaneous.

From the Waverly Magazine.

THE POOR RELATIVE.

By ANNA MORSE.—CHAPTER I.

What say you, Clarence, to spending the remainder of our vacation in the country? To be sure winter is not the time that is usually set apart for whiling away the time, amid the hills and snow drifts of New England; but to tell the truth I am wearied of this continued round of parties, balls, &c., notwithstanding the favor I have been received with by calculating matrons with marriageable daughters. I have no less than ten invitations to their select assemblies, as they are called. Thanks to uncle Harry for the eight hundred thousand dollars he left me—bless his old bachelorship for that! I have since risen more than eighty per cent. in the market with some of our city matrons—but what say you, shall we start on the morrow?"

"I have no objection to accompanying you; on the contrary, think I should like it much; but to-morrow would be rather soon for me to be in readiness to go with you, as I have some few friends who might like to take leave of; and you, Walter, I believe, have an engagement to spend an evening with those distant connections of yours on T—street."

"A fig for my engagement to them: when I called on them two years ago this very month, on some business for my uncle, they had not even known me; though I always lived in the same city, and but two or three streets distant. I had not seen them since, until the other evening I met them at Mrs. B—'s; they were quite enraptured to see me, and regretted much that so near relations should see so little of each other in the future; I must come and see them every day, and make their house my home." I think I will not trouble myself to keep that engagement, besides it was but a half promise at least. But I forget! I will call on the B—'s; I recollect a fair girl just emerging into womanhood, with bright shining cur's, and eyes that reminded one of the heavens above by their looks of holy purity and innocence. She appeared to be the constant companion of Adela B—, and I was afterwards informed that she was the governess. I sought in vain, at the time, for an introduction, but no one seemed to know her; after awhile she dropped her fan; I advanced and presented it to her, upon which Adela B— gave me an introduction. I immediately commenced conversation, and was much amused at her witty and intelligent conversation, so different from what I had been listening to the early part of the evening. Soon I saw the company collecting for a quadrille, and I asked her to join me in the dance; I need not describe to you her gracefulness, for you were a witness to it; but I suppose it was the bright glow that exercise had given to her countenance. But there is the supper bell, and if you please, we will adjourn them for a short time."

"Why, Bella, do you not know, Mr. Sinclair means cousin Clara?" And away she ran out of the room, where she remained some little time and then returned looking quite sad and dispirited.

"Mamma, will you not go and see cousin Clara? She is weeping, and will not tell me the cause—she says she has a severe headache, but that would not make her cry."

"The mother immediately arose and followed Ada, and neither of them returned before I had taken my departure."

The expression of the countenance of the two remaining sisters was anything but amiable. I done my best to keep up the conversation, but my thoughts were elsewhere, and I soon took leave. I thought much of the cousin, as I had now learned her to be, and supposed she was some poor relative; as the eldest Miss B— had taken pains to tell me she was their governess, my sympathies were enlisted in her welfare, but I did not expect to meet her here, and it was with mingled surprise and pleasure that I recognized in the fair stranger we encountered this afternoon. Mrs. B—'s governess. She seemed more beautiful to me, by the single glance I had of her than formerly; but I suppose it was the bright glow that exercise had given to her countenance. But there is the supper bell, and when you don't perform your duty and nothing but your duty.

CHAPTER III.

"Here is a note from Clara, enclosed in Ada's letter," said Adela B— to her mother; only think, Clara is going to be married, and has sent me all an invitation to her wedding; it is an honor I am not in the least anxious for; but it is all owing to your mother's goodness that she was the governess. I sought in vain, at the time, for an introduction, but no one seemed to know her; after awhile she dropped her fan; I advanced and presented it to her, upon which Adela B— gave me an introduction. I immediately commenced conversation, and was much amused at her witty and intelligent conversation, so different from what I had been listening to the early part of the evening. Soon I saw the company collecting for a quadrille, and I asked her to join me in the dance; I need not describe to you her gracefulness, for you were a witness to it; but I suppose it was the bright glow that exercise had given to her countenance. But there is the supper bell, and if you please, we will adjourn them for a short time."

"On the following day Sinclair sent to enquire of our heroine, and to see if she had received any injury from her fall the day previous; but it seemed it took him some time to make all needful inquiries, for his friend waited in vain for him to take his accustomed ride; he did not return till tea time, and then he was too absent minded and abstracted for conversation. His forerunner had given place to a serious thoughtfulness, and his mind was busy with the fair and gentle being from whom he had just parted.

CHAPTER II.

Clara Green's beauty was one of that style that at once insinuated into the beholder a sort of protecting tenderness which they would feel for a petted and favorite child. Her hair hangs in graceful ringlets down her back, mocking the control of the shell comb, which is all too frail to confine those abundant tresses. She is young, pure and guileless, and the rose just bursting into bloom is not more fresh and joyous-looking than is Clara Green; still she had known sorrow—keen, bitter sorrow. She had been called to mourn the loss of a beloved father about three years previous, who had left his wife and three children depending on themselves for the means of support. Clara had worked hard at her needle, but it was little she could earn, though she worked early and late; the rent was becoming due, and they were without means to pay it, when she received a liberal offer, if she would go and assist her aunt, who resided in the city, in taking care of her children in the capacity of governess.

Clara grieved at the thought of leaving her dear mother and brother and sister; but by going, she could earn much more for their support, and besides, she was going among friends, so she thought, and set out with a cheerful heart. But poor Clara was doomed to disappointment; on her arrival she was led to the nursery, where she was obliged to remain with the children from morning till night. She not only had the care of them, but she was sometimes obliged to sit up till midnight to finish something for the dress-maker, which was wanted by one of the young ladies for some gay assembly; and who was also obliged to wait upon Frank, a rude boy, too, to remain in the nursery, but still allowed to call on her for any favor he might wish; and Clara found herself not only governess, but seamstress, waiting-maid and servant. She had formerly, though poor, been used to

that was going on, and also of the hills and mountains in the distance. It was excellent sleighing, and the villagers were improving it to the extent of their ability; the hills were merrily jingling, the horses and sleighs running hither and thither, all unmindful of the biting cold, which would prevent our city belles from venturing beyond the precincts of their own fire-side. From the first she conceived a strong attachment for Clara, and relieved her of many a little care and trouble.

It was at the earnest solicitation of Ada, and the command of her father, that Clara was allowed to be present on the evening of their party; Clara had no wish herself to be there, but Ada was determined to have it so, and she was forced to consent. Poor Clara was left entirely alone, and was not introduced to a single person present; when her cousins saw her with the wealthy Walter Sinclair as his partner in the dance, they were much surprised at her boldness. Her aunt went to her, and enquired how she became acquainted with Mr. Sinclair. She related the circumstance of her dropping her fan, and Ada's introduction. But then Clara, whose greatest fault was her poverty and her beauty, received a severe rebuke, and was told she had better retire from the room. She obeyed; but she could endure this no longer; her sensitive nature shrank from the sight and scorn to which she was daily exposed, and in a few days she returned to her village home, notwithstanding the return of her favorite, but, young as she was, she knew she was not treated kindly, and she rejoiced for her sake that she was going among friends.

On the day following his preceding visit Walter again called, and took his friend with him. Clarence was much pleased with his new acquaintance; he found her an intelligent, agreeable young lady, who had read much, and read too, with taste; her table was covered with magazines, books of modern poetry, and even some of the more severe works; and her talents, apart from her beauty, would have made her society sought for and appreciated any where. Walter was becoming more and more in love, and he parted from her this evening, he formed the resolution that if he could gain her love, he would make her his wife.

Evening after evening did Walter wind his way to her home, and Clarence was also a frequent visitor, and Sinclair was sometimes inclined to be jealous of his friend; for while she listened to him with attention, he regarded her in the light of a rival, abstained from his visits to her dwelling. But the day for his departure was fast drawing to a close, and Walter had not declared his love; formerly he had not lacked assurance, but now his heart was disquieted within him, for he feared his devotion was not returned.

But the day before his departure was at hand, and the evening before it arrived he hastened to her residence, seated himself by her side, told her all his love, and asked her to become his wife. The little hand in his trembled, but was not withdrawn; and, as they parted, they had made a mutual promise "to love and cherish each other all their life long."

Walter entered his friend's apartment with a more cheerful countenance than he had borne for some time, and confided to him all his happiness.

"Well, now I suppose you will not object to my taking leave of her in the morning, as I have found so much pleasure in her society that I would not like to go without one farewell word."

And thus they parted, and Walter retired to muse on his good fortune, and dream of his idolized Clara. The last term of Walter's collegial life seemed longer than all the others; but at last it came to an end; he graduated with his friend, and returned to Clara's native home to claim his bride. He found Clara growing more and more dear to him, while she seemed but to live in his presence. Ada had not declared her love; formerly he had not lacked assurance, but now his heart was disquieted within him, for he feared his devotion was not returned.

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"Oh, yes, Miss Greenville; she had gone out to make a call, and they expected her return every moment."

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